

WOODWIND

An Arts Paper

Washington, D.C.

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woodwind

volume 1 number 3

Here we are again. Starting with this issue, we are accepting our responsibilities to the Washington community in general. If we seem to be giving a lot of space to the DC Youth Orchestra, it is because they deserve both the space and the support. Helping them realize their trip is something we can all share in, so we are doing what we can. To be a relevant paper in Washington we must do everything possible to highlight what local people are doing and can do.

To people who have sent us poetry- we have recieved an awful lot of it- and we can't print everybody, certainly not at once. Those of you who sent in material and do not see it published now, have faith. We plan to be around for a while. If we ever get any money, we'd like to be able to print an occasional poetry supplement- with no ads or reviews, just poetry and graphics.

Write to us, people. Let us know what you think of the paper, what you would like to see more of. We need criticism beyond our own people, so if you write, then you can help make this a better paper.

One last note(maybe someday we wont have to repeat it anymore). We still are incredibly short- on everything. We are managing on make-shift lay-out techniques and have an incredible system of typing copy. But what we need more than anything else is financial security. If anyone has money they would like to contribute, please send it to 5123 MacArthur Blvd. ,NW 10016. If you do make a contibutions, make it payable to WoodWind. We can still produce thet paper as we do now, but even a little change might be able to relax things a little bit.

These are the people who made, helped contributed and inspired this volume (our third)

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MIND
MUSIC

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WHFS-FM 102.3 STEREO

jump on the bandwagon

by
Frank Tucci

About all that could prevent a talented group of area youngsters from making a trip to Switzerland this summer and representing their country at a music festival is money.

The high school age kids are members of the D.C. Youth Symphony Orchestra (DCYSO) which, along with a similar group from Portland, Oregon, was chosen by a committee in London that listened to tapes submitted by youth orchestras from all over the world, each vying for the honor of representing their respective countries at the second annual International Festival of Youth Orchestras to be held in St. Moritz, Switzerland this coming August 13-31.

According to Mrs. Paul H. Banner, president of the Friends of the Youth Orchestra, a nonprofit fund-raising organization, the 125-member orchestra needs \$75,000 to make the trip. So far, the Friends have only been able to raise \$13,000.

What bothers Mrs. Banner is that she needs \$18,000 by the end of May and another \$18,000 at the end of June for the down payment on the plane needed to make the chartered flight.

The youth orchestra is composed mostly of youngsters from the Washington public schools augmented by young musicians coming from public and private schools in Maryland and Virginia. All in all, about 100 schools from the metropolitan area are represented, and those kids who don't own their own instruments (most don't) use instruments loaned by the D.C. public school system.

Even though it is only eight years old and made up of kids, the orchestra has played at the White House, held concerts at universities, and performed for official functions. (Mayor Walter E. Washington is the DCYSO's honorary conductor.) The conductor is Lyn G. McLain who is assisted by a staff drawn from the music departments of area universities, the various military bands, and the National Symphony.

Last year the nearby Montgomery County Youth Orchestra was one of four from the United States at the first International Festival in St. Moritz, and the bulk of the money needed to underwrite that trip came from businesses plus a \$10,000 grant from the National Endowment for Arts and Humanities.

In an effort to help their fellow musicians, this same youth orchestra held a benefit concert recently which realized about \$500 for the DCYSO trip. Other methods of fund-raising have been through the sale of buttons and posters and by its own concerts.

On March 20th at 8:30 in the evening, the orchestra will appear in concert at Coolidge high school auditorium at 5th and Tuckerman streets northwest, where it will be accompanied by famed jazz musician Lloyd McNeill and his quartet. Admission is \$1, and the proceeds go into the kitty for the Switzerland trip. More concerts are planned for the future featuring a variety of professional talent, and through the co-operation of the Corcoran Dupont Center Workshop, posters are being made by young artists who correspond roughly to the age of the orchestra's musicians. One example of their work is the cover of this issue of

Woodwind, a graphic image created by Linda Kima, 16, a student at Western high school in Washington.

Linda is one of about fifty young artists who invade the cramped quarters of the Workshop near 21st and P streets northwest each Saturday to use the supplies and the equipment to plug the orchestra.

"It's an example of kids helping kids," observes pretty Niki Rockwell, a member of the Workshop's staff and an artist in her own right. Steve Procuniar, another staff member, feels much the same way about this joint endeavor. "It represents two types of educational experiences working together," Steve says, "one in art and the other in music."

More examples of the work of these young artists will soon be seen in the display windows of Woodward & Lothrop's downtown department store at 11th and F streets, one more way to publicize the current plight of the orchestra.

But the big money isn't coming in. Local civic-minded organizations which have the resources could be sponsoring one or more members of the orchestra in an attempt to make the Switzerland trip a reality. The Friends of the Orchestra estimate it will cost about \$450 for each kid to get to St. Moritz.

About 70 per cent of the present orchestra came up through the ranks of the DCYSO's teaching program, beginning in elementary or intermediate classes (strings, woodwind, brass, percussion, etc.) and then advancing to senior ensembles or a string chamber orchestra. The ultimate step in their musical progression occurs when their skill gets them a chair in the orchestra.

Con't on page 22



In the last three months Washington has been visited by three of the so-called avant-gardes of modern dance: Alwin Nickolais, Murray Louis, and Merce Cunningham. They are certainly not the extreme fringe—they all use the proscenium stage and traditionally trained dancers, and all of the choreography is recognizably derived from one of the major movement traditions; but they each have attempted to bring some new element to dance, and to a degree each has been successful.

Nickolais has the most theatrical vision of any of them. His work is dramatic and powerful with a sense of magnitude and extremity which the other two lack. He uses tapes, slides, elaborate sets and lights, props and costumes, all of which impose interesting limitations on the dancer. He uses multi-media in a way that works theatrically but which does not make enough use of dance possibilities. For instance, the first piece (a series of short pieces from many dances), used three dancers encased in cloth bags which transformed them into three identical moving sculptures of changing shape. There was no variation in tension or rhythm, no use of the relationships between dancers in terms of space, time, or tension.

The middle piece, *Tower*, was the most successful. The aluminum tower was made up of units that each dancer manipulated and finally contributed to an enormous structure which exploded. There was talking, a lot of pantomime and somewhat contrived "dance routines"—the most interesting movement was the functional movement required to deal with the tower. The dancers were

obviously unused to performing this kind of piece and although I am sure that much of it was choreographed through the use of improvisation (Nickolais is not a performing dancer and therefore does not fall into the pitfalls of composing on himself), a lot of the individual action seemed arbitrary. The total development of the piece—the growth and destruction of the tower—was organic and more cohesive than anything I have seen of Nickolais's.



The last piece, *Tent*, had the most "dance", but it seemed to exist for its own sake, with no organic relationship to the other aspects of the piece. The set was a tent, which was assembled on stage and onto which slides were projected, very beautifully. The Nickolais company suffers from the loss of Murray Louis—the only really exciting dancer they have is Carolyn Carlisle, and Nickolais does not make use of her individual style in the way he used to with Phyllis Lamhut and Murray Louis, both able improvisors.

Murray Louis is one of the best dancers I have ever seen. He is the absolute master of isolated movements which use a million subtle changes in quality within a very short space of time. This is something which one often sees in mimes and it is even more exciting to me to see it used in a more abstract context.

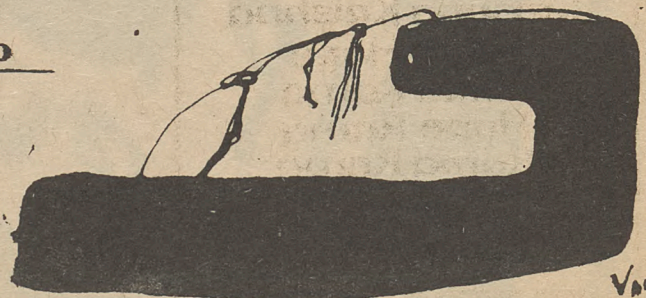
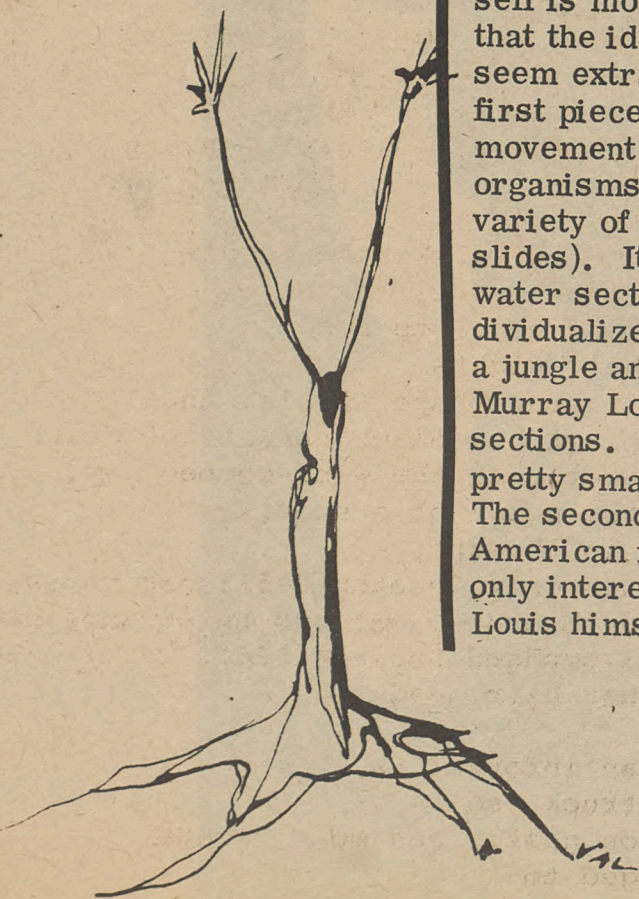
Although his choreography for himself is moving, it is interesting to me that the ideas about which he dances seem extraordinarily limited. The first piece the night I went showed the movement qualities of a variety of organisms as they have adapted to a variety of environments (indicated by slides). It was well done; an underwater section which used highly individualized undulating movements, a jungle animal section danced by Murray Louis, several machine-city sections. But somehow it was all pretty small-scale, literal, and cute. The second piece could have been an American in Paris in the Orient. The only interesting movement was for Louis himself and even this was too

much like musical comedy or *Fancy Free* kind of ballet. The last dance, *Junk Dances*, was clearly a mime, developed past the usual rigid vocabulary of mime and managed to be charming and whimsical without being sticky. The high point of this dance was a solo of a former Parisian prostitute having lonely hysterical fits in her garret apartment; it was funny and immensely moving at the same time, having captured the essence of the self-pitying gestures of everyday life. Cunningham was the most disappointing of the three to me. I saw him about ten years ago and would not have been able to distinguish these works from any that he was doing then. (This is not true of the other two. Nickolais has extended and unified his work; Louis has developed a very individual style of movement.) Cunningham was an early Graham dancer and although his technique (which is reproduced verbatim in his choreography), is quite different from hers, the monochromatic tension level is similar and very boring. His dancers are technically excellent and move with an almost Yogic, non-projective, non-performing quality that I like. Yet it is all too much the same. I am particularly interested in his work because it makes use of chance interaction between music and dancers and much of the music is also based on chance. (He works almost exclusively with Cage.) However all of the dance is totally set and does not cover the gamut of possibilities that the random music does.

The best of the dances was the most traditional --- Satie music and interestingly colored leotards and interestingly juxtaposed movements. The one dance used a moving piece of sculpture which cast light and was accompanied by a conversation between sound technicians; one used words read by Cage and no set at all so that the backstage was exposed. These are all interesting ideas but they were approached in such a rigid and repetitive way that it was virtually impossible for me to keep my mind on the result.

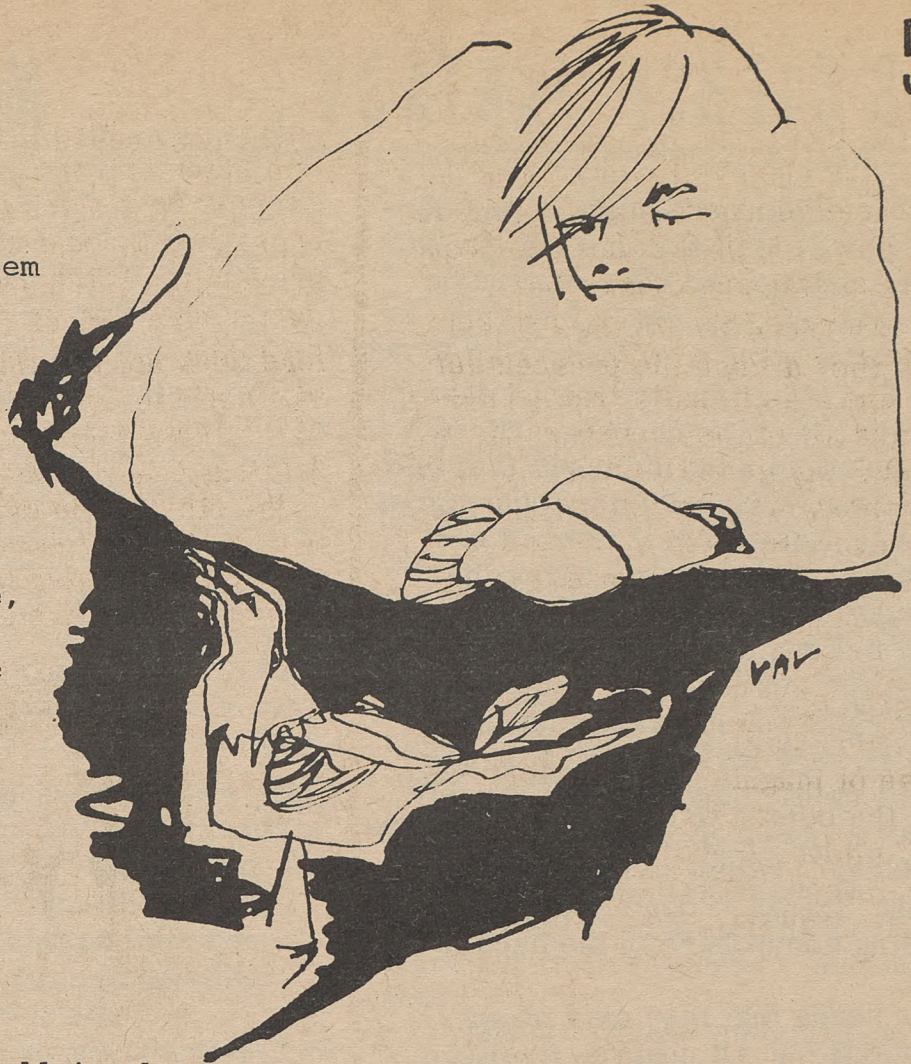
I don't feel that any of these three have successfully developed a new dance form. It is too bad that dancers have such difficulty working together --- compositely they could probably give very interesting direction to concert dance.

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Early Morning Bus Ride

Giacometti's people huddle around the official totem
observing National Apathy Week until
the city approved cattle car grinds to a stop.
Soulless we sit pressed thighs and joined jowls
pointed to infinity, while
ten times a thousand ships stay unlaunched
from the unwoke woman flesh,
swaying above a knobby kneed mini skirt.
Slack jawed, dull eyed, last night's lovers
isolated by inertia, dully aware of past existence,
fumble for recognition in lustless eyeballs.
Is this really death, or will a Pavlovian response
allow me glorious resurrection?
Looking out of the window I see a sign,
For River Styx, turn right, but
Charon makes a left turn, and
I stumble back to life again.



Lanier Place Night Sounds

P Window air conditioners murmur in well bred tones
while windows argue on their way to the top.
Radios suddenly scream and just as suddenly subside to a gentle groan.
The bed springs quiver with familiar fatigue as bodies drop.
For a moment there is quiet,
and then across the alley the dogs talk
over the events of the day, until a riot
of curses and commands forces them to balk
at self expression, until clicking heels
alert Cerberus to reverberating animosity.
A God-dam-misanthropic tree top citizen reels
from branch to branch, whistling in sarcastic perversity,
as two-legged animals with Bacchusian dignity peel
off wilted clothes to fall like soggy wood,
on beds occupied by exasperated spouses
who feel no reluctance in informing the neighborhood
of their opinion of matrimonial louses.
Quiet seems inevitable until a banshee with eyes of red
comes from nowhere to go somewhere with the speed of light.
What the Hell, it's time to get up anyway!

Fort McHenry At Closing Time

Leaving our car in its officially sanctified sanctum sanctorum
We parted the flood of departing

stupid, fat, thin,
happy, intelligent, interested,
bored, beautiful and ugly

mothers, fathers, juniors, little-big,
boy-girl, sweethearts
and tourists,

a motley crew. But
no time now to race down the dark bricked path
where once poured our countrymen, to
twist the lion's tail and hope, to see
a "lobster-back" in their sights.
Quick upon the steps to star shaped hills, that
takes us high above the grubby black throats of death,
to climb upon the parapet near the wind-combed bay.
We stood there, upon the point of a star,
hand in hand, thought in thought,
ranging far across slate gray, peaked bellicose waves,
that nudged white sandy beaches, watched by strange hot sun,
somewhere far beyond a smudged horizon line.
Then the wind pushed her hair, and
I turned to her, but,
a green-garbed guardian informed us,
the sacred hour had struck, so
we were now persona non grata, and must vacate
this land, that belonged to
the United States of America.

Jno D. Randall

Krishna Consciousness
2154 Newport Place NW
293-6988

Join us in chanting

❁ Hare Krishna ❁
❁ Hare Krishna ❁
❁ Krishna Krishna ❁
❁ Hare Hare ❁
❁ Hare Rama ❁
❁ Hare Rama ❁
❁ Rama Rama ❁
❁ Hare Hare ❁

7:00 pm Mon. Wed., Fri; 7:00 am every morning
TRANSCENDENTAL FESTIVAL SUNDAYS AT 4 P.M.

The dominant fantasy of our decade is that evolution did not end with Homo Sapiens but its a continuing process that spawned a new type of human being as distant from HOMO Sap as Homo Sap was from his predecessor, the Neanderthal. The idea is in the heads of a lot of people (although to varying degrees) and finds expression in almost every level of our culture. Many people carry the fantasy without defining it, that is, they believe in it but haven't found a label for the concept. Some believe in it right on and claim that there are strange NEW PEOPLE on the earth, while others speak vaguely about a "generation gap" or "counter-culture." (When somebody talks about "freaks," don't you get the feeling somewhere in the back of

your heads that they also mean "mutants"?) Of course, I believe there's something more to it than mere fantasy. The paranoid nightmares of every redneck and red-blooded patriot will become shocking reality (for them) in the next ten years as the Airplane's "outlaws of America" become the unsilent majority.

The idea of a new race of people mushroomed throughout the culture of the Sixties. This idea found its most explicit, as well as its most far out, expression in Science Fantasy. Once the province of perverse physicists who got their kicks out of predicting an atom bomb, death ray or satellite, Science Fantasy, like a lot of other things, went inside the mind in the Sixties and began to deal with psychic realities.

Ted Sturgeon wrote the seminal work in the late Fifties that was the source of inspiration for many others: MORE THAN HUMAN. The book suggests the appearance of a new life form, HOMO GESTALT, a being that is the end result of several minds being united in a complete spiritual communion. Each separate entity retains total individuality while performing specialized functions for the GESTALT life form. Anybody who's observed the uncanny nonverbal communication of a good rock group would think twice about dismissing Sturgeon's prophetic work. Communal living, sharing of drug experiences, and other aspects of the "freak" sub-culture of the Sixties, begin to develop an almost telepathic group cohesion. The spirit of unspoken community that the Woodstock generation possesses is something more than, let's say, that of lemmings and something less than a hive of bees.

One of the most widely read Science Fantasy novels of the Sixties was STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, by Robert Heinlein. The book had an enormous impact. It

put new words into the language ("groin" and went through sixteen printings). After a while, the publishers got hip to what was happening and put a "sike-delic" cover on it, which the first editions didn't have. Both SF and the JFFA soon adopted the book's phrase "groin" as a slang term. The title comes from a statement made by Dracula in the original Bram Stoker novel: "I would be as a stranger in a strange land." The hero of STRANGER is a mutant (Michael Valentine) who is an earthling brought to the Martians in their mind-expansion culture. Michael, incidentally, was left abandoned by Mars becomes half-human and half-Martian, exhibiting powers of mental telepathy and the ability to control his own space continuum. (His powers strongly resemble drug perceptions.) When Michael is in a pinch, he puts his mind somewhere else, totally. For example, he will float in the air when he's bored, stopping or slowing down all his life functions, like his heartbeat. (The straights in the book label this SCHIZOID WITHDRAWAL.) In addition to training other earthlings in their latent powers, he soon spreads a new ethic of love and community over the planet. In both STRANGER and MORE THAN HUMAN, however, were liberated

More people saw SPACE ODYSSEY than read CHILDHOOD'S END. But the first wouldn't have happened without the second, and the sixties were uniquely prepared to accept the far-out and outasight (physicist's terms) by the science writers and explorers of the previous five decades. Everything that drugs could do to your mind, the imagination could duplicate if the brain had but the patience. There are more things in this world than you've dreamed of--but if you haven't, somebody else quite possibly has.

in Homo Sapiens, changing him into something else. The "stranger" theme of the title is one that constantly recurs in rock music. People are strange, when you're a stranger, a big rock publishing house is called "Stranger in a Strange Land" and the "stranger" is a song about a mind from a book called This Land of Ours. While the idea of a new evolution into something quite better than Homo Sap was being expressed in Science Fantasy, "serious" intellectuals were also having their turn. Colin Wilson was not a product of the uptight English academic world. He had a small amount of bread to live on and read and wrote at his leisure. He surprised an awful lot of people (and became one of England's "angry young men") with his book, THE OUTSIDER, a very heavy philosophical tome which became a best-seller and was translated into English. Outside the course of a year. Ostensibly dealing with the theme of alienation in modern man, Wilson demarcated a type of human being called appropriately, an "outsider," who possessed inordinate amounts of psychic (sic) energy. The blessing of expanded consciousness was actually a curse, since the "outsider" was always out of step with his time (only a few were able to transcend it) and consequently went through

1234567 all good

life a down-head. Most often he died young, usually by some form of direct or indirect suicide. Though Wilson traced men of genius throughout Western culture, one of his ideas was that "Outsiders" were being produced in increasing numbers in our time. If only the "outsiders", who Wilson estimated on the average to be about 5% of the world population, could tap all their powers without being done in by our culture, then each "outsider" would, in effect, be a superhuman or something else not seen on the earth before.

Wilson flipped everybody out in the intellectual community (which by this time had given him grudging acceptance) in 1966 with the appearance of *THE MIND PARASITES*, a science fantasy version of the *OUTSIDER*. The book was a homage to H. P. Lovecraft (the fantasy writer, a suicide at 30, not the group). It was written in his style. First rights

were given to the small house that had published his work and it actually contained Lovecraft as a character in the story. *THE MIND PARASITES* blames mankind's troubles on alien beings who inhabit his mind (they're in everybody's head at once, since they don't follow ordinary time-laws).

The mind parasites make a special practice of attacking men of genius and making sure they get down enough to commit suicide in order to keep man back. Obviously, they would be the natural source of bammers. Once the parasites are done in mankind is able to make use of the areas of the brain it didn't know it had and, once again, becomes something other than what most people are currently calling human. Incidentally, the parasites are also responsible for all the vibes that cause men to kill, be greedy and do all those other unholy things.

Three other unorthodox intellectuals who had their greatest impact in the Sixties advanced related ideas. One was Aldous Huxley. He began to get into drugs like in the fifties and published *THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION* and *HEAVEN AND EARTH*, two essays which dealt with the exploration and eventual tapping of the "undiscovered Australian continents of the mind." That was Huxley's phrase and it's interesting to note that in the 17th century Australia was

believed to be part of a vast Great South Continent which was peopled by a new race. Huxley, by the way, was the first thinker to come up with an idea of genetic manipulation to produce new, specialized species (*BRAVE NEW WORLD*). This idea

McLuhan, in *UNDERSTANDING MEDIA*, explained how our nervous systems had been refashioned by electronic media and how the TV generation has "mutated" into something different because of the new media. (Wait until your younger brothers and sisters grow up!) Tim Leary, another intellectual outcast, became a leading spokesman for man to liberate and expand his consciousness. He also prophesied about a new tribalism. The writers who quit *THE BERKELEY BARB* put out a paper called the *TRIBE* and the first *BE-IN* in San Francisco (1967) was put out as a "gathering of the tribes."

Woodstock, Wight and the other festivals all manifest the new tribalism. So, in both Science Fantasy and "serious" intellectual theses, we have the idea proposed that man will change into something other than the form we know.

Rock music contains basically two levels in which the idea of new beings finds expression. The first level, which was a more superficial one, happened mostly in the early '60's. Dylan prophesied about the times changin', the Doors screamed, "We want the world and we want it now" and the Who speed-rapped about "My Generation." Later on in the sixties, other groups went deeper and spun their own mythology. Jimmy's hailed New Atlantis and the Stealing Band on Creation talked about Abraham, the father of HUMANITY, pointing forward. Rock culture contains many elements of the idea. For example, the Aquarian Age in Astrology is, among other things, the heralding of a Golden Age of the spirit in which there is a new being whose male and female (supposedly every individual has both sides) are, for the first time in history, in total spiritual harmony. This brings to mind the so-called "Unisexual" fashions you've all been hearing Madison Avenue rap about. It was interesting to see the signs the residents of Woodstock had put up before the festival: "Welcome to the New World" and to watch their faces as they gawked at the endless horde of strange beings who invaded their town. Another interesting astrological fact is that the Ptolemaic Age, which comes before the Aquarian, is supposed to be the age of fantasy.

Remember the TV show *THE ALIENS* or the minirap in *EASY RIDER* delivered by Jack (George Hanson) Nicholson about those extra-terrestrials who were infiltrating our planet? That kind of paranoia was rather rampant in the Sixties' U.S. and it's not hard to make the connection and see that the rednecks in *EASY RIDER* were after something they thought was non-human. People tried to kill the mutants in *Surgeons'*

stories (he also published a collection of stories, following *MORE THAN HUMAN* in the early sixties, called *E PLURIBUS UNICORN*: can you see that as a national motto?) even though they stood a lot to gain by putting down their clubs and listening. The same kind of violence pursued Mike Valentine Smith in *STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND*. It also seems that there is a rumor current about some people in Northern California who have done strange things to their heads and are now no longer human. One of their reputed powers is the ability to change body shape at will. I've never seen any, but I think about them when I listen to Steve Miller's *SPACE COWBOY* album. In any event did you ever notice how "freak" faces seem to glow and stand out from any crowd of straights?

While all of this was going on throughout the Sixties, the straight world's "low" culture began to pick up on it, although in a distorted way. Each of the media spilled oceans of print about the "generation gap" and made countless efforts to categorize all of the aspects of the new phyla in the culture. (Incidentally "phyla" means tribe in Greek.) Remember *A HARD DAY'S NIGHT* and the scene in the fashion company when George is asked his opinion about a shirt? (Give him some of whatever it is they drink, coca-cola, etc...) Madison Avenue, of course, jumped right in to squeeze everything it could out of the "Differentness." Are you a member of the "Pepsi Generation", the "Now Generation" or what? A TV series even started up with the title, *NEW PEOPLE*. The show is as unrepresentative as anything else on TV and it's all about how the new people build their own world on a deserted island filled with leftover buildings and dummies from an Atomic Energy Commission bomb test.

The fantasy of the Sixties is only a prophesy for the future. In the next ten years something entirely new will walk the earth. Our generation came out of the straight world and made something new, fighting many battles with old, outworn influences. Just think what's going to come out of the counter-culture we've made. Wait until the Seventies, when all those kids growing

up in the communes emerge. It's something that's happening all over the world, from England to Japan. Or as it says in the Bible, "For those who have given up their nation, I will make for them a new nation."

by Peter Beren
Contributing Editor
Cambridge Phoenix
Reprint from FUSION

children go to heaven "

Perhaps one of the ironies of our memory system is that we remember exactly the thing we were doing when tragedy struck. On April 4, 1968, the theatre company I was with was about to perform a somewhat inane comedy entitled "The Underpants". Half an hour before curtain time we heard someone important had been shot. We didn't know who. Later, during intermission, we learned that the man was Martin Luther King. We had no radio and no details. Our audience was a special one bussed over from Anacostia to participate in this "high culture". I'm not sure how, but we finished the show somewhat incredulous about the events that were occurring beyond the fantasy boundaries of our stage. After the show the announcement of King's death was made, we quietly changed, and left for our respective homes.

The rest of the night remains only an impression. Somehow the ethic of violence that I always feared in this country had managed to exert itself in a cruelly ironic manner. The man of peace was stilled by an act of violence. I think I closed my mind with sleep, but still woke up the next morning. By then the disorders had started and the city was in turmoil. My friends and I got stoned. Being stoned and being shaken don't go well together. I was very sad.

All this is brought to mind because I have just seen the film "King". I never met Martin Luther King and I had only a cursory awareness of his life before viewing the film. But to me, now, he is less of a mystic and I think of him as Martin, a man who showed us how the good in us could be elevated to a guiding lifestyle. I intend no disrespect in simply calling him Martin. One of his great qualities was his ability to stay in touch with the people he came from. He was a black man and a revolutionary, but above all he was a humanist, totally dedicated to the best of causes--brotherhood. Martin's dreams were filled with color--not just defined blacks and whites. Toward the end of his life, in the time of the Poor People's Campaign, he made ever more consistent attempts to develop a sense of unity among the chicanos and the Indians as well as blacks and whites.

This film, "King", is sometimes hard to sit through. Martin was a master of words and listening to his impassioned speeches makes us that much more aware of the leadership we lost. Starting with the Birmingham bus strike, Martin's pursuit of equality though nonviolence brought the

KING

black people together in a way that had never been before and probably will never happen again. One looks at Bull Connor or Sheriff Jim Clark and one sees the incredible hate and ignorance of these men, their cruelty and violence. And, in contrast, one sees the man of reason, never riled, never ruffled, always keeping his eye on that prize.

For those too young to remember those late fifties and the widespread violence in the South, the film is a painful education. I had never seen the mass hosing that took place in Birmingham during voter registration. Images from the Russian Revolution came to mind, people stood up against the walls to be shot, only this time by hard streams of water instead of bullets. Water of such force that it can pick a man up off the ground and twist his body in mid-air--that is in the film.

And so much more. Martin's odyssey is there, his sense of right and his determination never failing him. And then he goes to Chicago in 1966 to help push for fair housing laws. This entire sequence is incredible as Martin's people, maybe 4,000-strong, march between 5,000 police acting as a buffer to an ugly crowd of 10,000 whites. Martin admits later that it was one of the few times in his life that he ever felt fear. I felt fear too. And as the film marches to its inexorable end in Memphis, I felt lonely because so much of what Martin was is no longer with us. The night before he died, he told us that he no longer feared death, that he had served us in a Moses-like sense, and did not expect to reach the Promised Land of brotherhood for all men. His sense of death has too-easily been replaced by a sense of suicide. The slow but definite changes he brought about have been endangered by the polarization of today's politics. Maybe this film will serve as a reminder. It is a very important film, so plan to see it. As of now, it will only be shown once--on March 24. (A list of area theatres playing it is at the end of this article.) All money from the film will go to the Martin Luther King Foundation. That is fine, but beyond that something must be done with this film. Maybe it should be shown in every high school in this country. For the incredible value of the film is its ability to evoke a response from people of all walks of life. I heard

one woman say, after the screening, that maybe it would not be a good idea to show this film in schools, that maybe the students couldn't handle it. Well, I think they can handle this film, and what's more I think they should be confronted. Not just black students in this city, but white students in the suburbs, in the industrial wastelands, people who haven't understood the strength of Martin's movement, the devotion of his life. It's hard to recommend something that will inevitably be painful. But our moral responsibility must be met in manners other than un-directed violence or suicidal politics. The avenues of communication and empathy that Martin opened up are still there, though perhaps narrowly. This film can set us back on that path and because of that, demands to be seen more than once. If you should be so unfortunate as to miss the film, write to the producers:

The Martin Luther King
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Ask for it. Demand it. But write!

Richard Harrington

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ITALIAN FILM RENNAISSANCE 9

Zabriskie Point, Michelangelo Antonioni's first film since Blow-Up (and both his only films in English), is a near disaster--- not total, but flawed and painfully inadequate. This high-budget, low-talent work ostensibly deals with and pictures the American youth subculture. Failing in this objective, Zabriskie Point is an Easy Rider without carbonation.

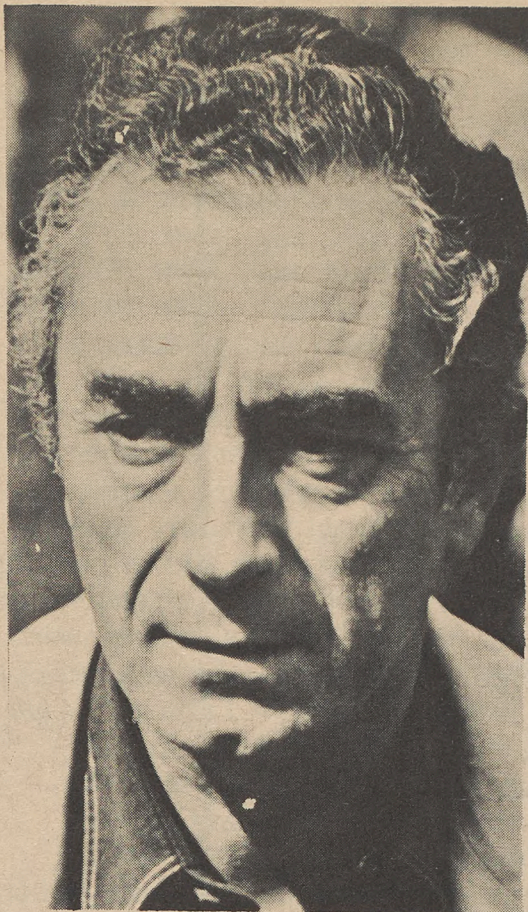
Which is not to say that Zabriskie Point isn't entertaining, which it is; or relevant, which it is; but the film comes nowhere near the standard Antonioni has consistently set since L'Avventura in 1961. Antonioni's maverick style involves casting inexperienced actors in fast and moving roles. This scheme of improvised/fluid dialogue and lighting techniques has proven itself before as a means of directly involving the viewer in 'now' action laden with detail.

One essential difference between the success of Antonioni in his past films as opposed to Zabriskie Point is that his goals were more limited and therefore, the results more readily controlled. Antonioni's ambition this round is noteworthy: he wanted to analyze America, to probe into the soft fibre of our culture...study it...then capture something akin to his experience on film. As an outsider, a foreigner, Antonioni weighed the immediate obstacles in his path; such problems as language, how to get close to young Americans (particularly American radicals), how to familiarize himself sufficiently with a strange culture to record it, and above that, criticize it in the quick-moving, subtle fashion that he is accustomed to.

Antonioni's preparations took him on a two-year odyssey through America talking about his ideas of the film to the members of a disenchanted generation. He won the confidence of radicals, including the Panthers, who let him film live and edit as he wished. He spent a great deal of time simply digging into the idea of America, as well as formulating the idea of the film.

The actors, with one or two exceptions, are non-professionals selected both by chance and intensive screen-tests set up across the country. The leading roles, Mark and Daria, are played by two unknowns, Mark Frechette and Daria Halprin---who, of course, play themselves. The only key role played by a professional is that of a real-estate executive, Lee Allen, done by Rod Taylor (whose performance is well-oiled and exceptionally fine.)

Even Antonioni's camera crew was hand-picked; all young technicians interested in the chronicle of their America, their culture. In short, Antonioni injected as much youth and as much vitality of the generation he filmed into the project as he was able.



Certain problems he attempted to alleviate by employing special consultants. For example, five scriptwriters worked on the corralation of Antonioni's idea to American street language. Cinema-verite is extensively used to provide realism. The music is fresh, contemporary and good; it varies from "Pink Floyd" to "The YoungBloods" to the Stones.

Even with this wealth of preparation, the feverish attention to detail, the constant upgrading of ideas and script, the film falls flat. Why?

Primary flaws pervade the film: Daria Halprin's acting is two-dimensional, which is exemplary of many lesser figures. There are many straw men, many cliches, a persistent heavy-handed approach at critical realism. (One of Mark Frechette's lines was recently cut from the film for its obvious banality. He comments after an intense lovemaking scene on the desert, "That's the way I knew it would always be.")

The film opens straight cinema-verite. Mark, the protagonist, stands at the back of a meeting of white radicals, rapping with Kathleen Cleaver and a Panther brother. The rhetoric, by now standardized, is along the lines of "Prove your revolutionary zeal." Mark, tiring of the crap, makes a couple of asutic remarks and spits. From this opening to the desert where Mark and Daria eventually meet, he becomes increasingly radicalized. He gets busted while trying to bail a friend out, is involved in the shooting of a cop, finally rips off a small plane and heads due east out of Los Angeles. The two meet, make it at Zabriskie Point. (Zabriskie Point is an area of Death Valley, stark, jagged hills, little plant or animal life---mainly greying mineral deposits.)

Con't on page 22

Luchino Visconti's neo-realist style incisively captures and chronicles the temper of early 30's Germany in the movie, The Damned. This dark, blood-ridden tale of personal and social degradation in the early Nazi era is chilling in its documentary-like accuracy and psychological in impact.

Though not a totally realistic cum-documentary film, The Damned inter-relates a moving family chronology with vivid scenes of the storm-troopers of the Reich. The historical style is considerably more developed and believable than Visconti's previous attempts. (The Leopard for example, was a sophisticated, lifeless melodrama.)

The film's development is severe and linear, the basic plot tracing corruption within the family of a German industrial maganate-Joachim von Essenbeck. The subplot covers occasionally staccatto episodes of Nazi carnage, and a corresponding picture of social degeneration which condoned and tolerated its existence.

The complex story of the Essenbeck family is seen dialectically as a struggle for power. The individual characters are shown invariably at their capricious worst. Acton's maxim is the common denominator: "Power tends to corrupt, absolute power corrupts absolutely." The higher the stakes, the lower the levels of behavior.

The opening scene is the birthday celebration of Joachim at the family mansion. The night is significant, for it is the night that Hitler stages the burning of the Reichstag in Berlin (February, 1933). Joachim sets the power struggle in motion as he shifts control of the steel firm from the favored son to Constantin, a son who has Nazi political connections through the S.A. (a soon to be purged branch of the early Nazi military hierarchy-the brownshirts). The move is obviously political, and signals the impending tragedy for the Essenbecks as well as for Germany.

Four others present at the dinner figure prominently in the lengthy journey leading to Gotterdammerung "Twilight of the Gods". Visconti's original title is borrowed from Wagner.

Sophie (Ingrid Thulin) is a strong figure; she is Joachim's only daughter. Friederich (Dirk Bogarde), her consort, is an essentially weak character who murders Joachim and figures prominently in other like areas. Sophie's son Martin (Helmut Berger) is a vapid and thpuroughly degenerate figure. Hauptmannfuehrer Aschenbach (Helmut Griem), a young S.S. officer and associate of the family, plays the pivotal, catalytic role in the epic. He is a proselyte of the New State, whose role is to subvert the course of the family in order to

Con't on page 22

REVIEW: THE CHEMMY CIRCLE

The best performance in the production of Georges Feydeau's *THE CHEMMY CIRCLE* at Arena Stage is the setting, a modular-mobile graphic stage that can be shifted with the help of one prop man easily into various graphic shapes. Creating more technical superiority, the lights by William Eggleston hold the attention of audiences during scene changes. Flashes of violet, red, green and blue fill the dead air spaces found in this farce. It is too bad there couldn't have been more lights, and less....acting?

Susanne Grossmann and Paxton Whitehead have many flaws in their adaptation of this French farce. But, flaws need not be visible if the director and actors are creative enough to succumb words. Obviously the case does not hold here--humor is lost, pace is abominably slow and the intention of the playwright has been all but washed out.

Director Alfred Ryder introduces nothing new about directing. The old comedy cliches are still alive, that is for sure. Instead of concentrating upon cliches, it might have been wise to spend energy on eyeing the material he has to direct. From a cast of fifteen, only four are able to create believable characters.

Lynn Milgrim, portraying Francine Chanal with energy and lightness, gives the play a delightful bounce in her somewhat youthful character, which is flighty with enough spoof and artificiality to boost the humor and set the plot, which evolves from her innocent (extra-marital) love affair.

Richard Bauer plays her husband effectively. Even though his character does not make too many demanding changes, the performance is strong enough to keep the pace from slowing

the already dragging action.

Sophie Fedot, wife of Francine Chanal's lover, underplayed by Gloria Maddox, is good enough to demand your attention. While everyone else is punching at every line for a joke, and passing up moments of actions, Miss Maddox is creative enough to take advantage of the situation, and by doing so she is on top, acting.

In the second act of this three act comedy, the brief entrance by Lapiege, a bricklayer, almost steals the show. William Hansen plays a man taken by fits of barking--an affliction which has attended him since birth (while his mother was pregnant with him, she was attacked by a St. Bernard.) Lapiege's past may not be believable, but his bark equals the bits of his role.

Stand in for Michael Lipton (injured in a stage fall), Paul Carr plays Francine's lover Fedot. His funniest moment is when he and Francine are in bed trying to comfort themselves in positions for sleep. Perhaps, when the play warms up, Mr. Carr's characterization will be more complete and give the extra added fire this production needs.

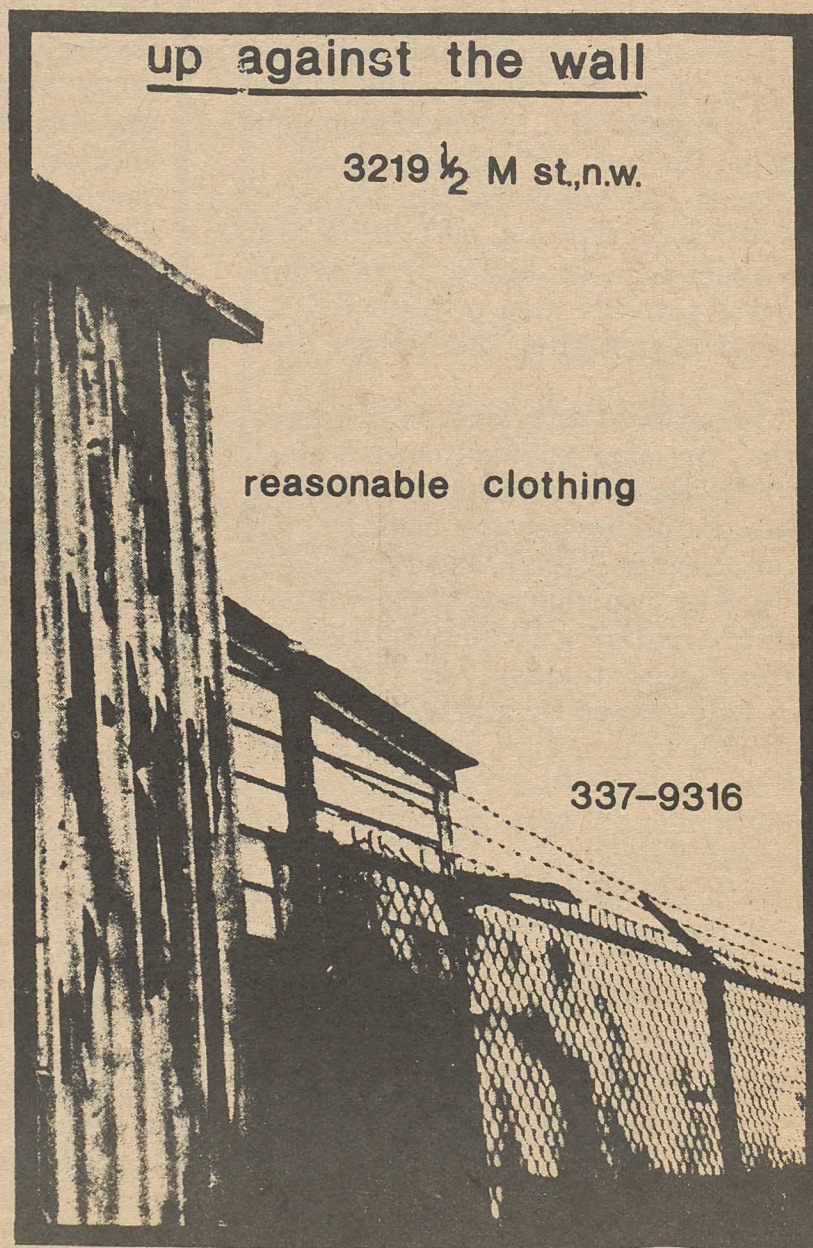
The most difficult role for any actor to play and come off with, is the role of a drunk. As a drunk the actor's job is to communicate some quantity of intoxication, and at the same time the playwrights words and actions. Robert Prosky is passable as the drunk Hubertin, who accidentally mistakes Fedot's flat for his own, disturbing the two



lovers. Where he fails is in his timing. It is understandable that the timing of a drunkard should be off a little when delivering humorous lines, but using too much time is another thing.

CHEMMY CIRCLE is a play dealing with a cynical premise. It is not a play that sets some kind of virtue for us to believe in, but rather comments on how we already are. Georges Feydeau was inspired to reveal the follies and foolishness of the human being. Feydeau's theme is derived from a card game called Chemin de Fer, a game similar to Blackjack commonly played in Europe. Instead of switching card hands (a feature of the game), the players switch marriage partners, resulting in a circular movement that ends nowhere.

E. Raye Hawkins



REVIEW: HADRIAN VII

"...fantasy from mind to fiction and back into an extrapolated reality."

HUME CRONYN and THE STRATFORD NATIONAL COMPANY OF CANADA, now at the National Theatre have created a contemporary classic in the production of HADRIAN VII. The play, based on Fredrick William Rolfe's novel and written for stage adaption by Peter Luke, is a superb tragi-comedy with memorable moments inducing laughter within every silent pause, gesture, jargon and intensity. Mr. Luke's script is masterful with words, enhancing the symphonic movement of the play.

Jean Gascon, Director of the play has brilliantly brought an experience to Washington, D. C. theatre audiences. Don't miss it! This experience is a religious, personal, self-involvement with the actors on stage; a feeling of participation with the performing company where one is affected emotionally and intellectually. Never is there a dull moment or doubt in regard to the material, context and characterizations. As an audience you are enveloped in a world of truth, fantasy, fiction and even in possibilities for the future.

The play begins with Fredrick William Rolfe sitting in his room at a rundown boarding house, owned by the immitable Mrs. Nancy Crowe, played by Margaret Braidwood. With private silent actions and interruptions by Rolfe talking to himself, Hume Cronyn introduces his characterization of the author, painter, photographer, inventor, and for a life time, a man who aspired to become a Roman Catholic priest. There are fast, quick and slowed down actions, which begin establishing for the audience what kind of man Rolfe was, or is imagined to have been. Physicizations such as tapping his feet, tidying up his room, the putting out of a cigarette with much concentration and care, the awkward walk that at times almost seems to be a weary body with two left legs--clumsy, aged and frail--communicates what you can expect for the evening from the genius of Mr. Hume Cronyn.

After Rolfe has established his presence on stage, he begins his present occupation, that of a novelist in a creative world of his own. Soon, there is a knock on his door, which he has boarded up with a chair under the door knob in order to insure his privacy. Rolfe responds in temperament asking who it is. He suspects and is correct. It is Nancy Crowe his landlady, a tall, middle-aged redhead whose femininity is husky and yet attractive. Mrs. Crowe, whose fancy is to be seductive around men, also realizes that money overrides her personal desires. She has come to collect her some two-months behind rent, and is blunt about it. To put Rolfe

on an even more unstable disposition she also informs him that there are two men waiting to see him. Rolfe refuses to pay rent--partially due to the fact that he does not have the money. He tries patiently to explain his reasons, giving his didactic excuses, but soon his irritable self drives her away, which leaves him once again talking to himself, "The only thing that they (women) are good for is--breeding."

Providing a harmonious upbeat of tension, Paul Harding (1st Bailiff) and Edward McPhillips (2nd Bailiff) enter after Mrs. Crowe's exit. The two men ask Frederick Rolfe if he is the alias, Baron Corvo, a painter. Rolfe denies the accusation. Harding and McPhillips ignore his reproach and inform Rolfe that if he does not pay up his debts, his possessions will be confiscated in lieu of payment.

At this introductory highpoint of the play, Peter Luke's rhythmical script brings the production from tension back into a softer beat with the entrance of Agnes, the cleaning woman, believably performed by Liza Cole. Here, we have a bit of ye ol' English humor, a witty relationship and a down-to-earth warm conversation. For a double beat within this measure, Agnes has brought the newspaper to Rolfe--with news of the death of Pope Peter, renewing the pace of the play.

Con't on page 22

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ORIGINAL INK DRAWING BY LAURA GOUDENHOOF
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THE BLIND MAN TELLS THE DEAF
MAN, "THE SUNRISE IS SO
BEAUTIFUL"

by Charlene James
Illustration: Judith Blood

And they tried,
The Pre-Visual-Image Scholars
To make sense out of the cinema
For the Film Generation.

Talking of Structure, Form, Meaning
The Literary Establishment of Catholic
University
Nearly Analyzed a series of movies
OUT OF EXISTENCE.

The blind man thinking that theories
Principles of Light, Astronomical Cycles,
The Coldness of Shadows
Allows him to comprehend the sun,
Like the sometimes pompous, sometimes condescending
Academicians of bilingual, trilingual knowledge
DISCUSS Films in words, words, words.

Suggestion, Dear Sirs;
Perhaps the only adequate critique of
one film is
another film.

The A. F. I. guest, Sam Kula
(Though later misquoted)
praised visual literacy
The medium of Presentation
"A Once upon Now"
Creating the ever-current mythology
Did they see--No, they opened their
mouths, and closed, and opened, and
closed, and opened.

Long red beards on balding heads,
over meershaum pipes atop polka dot ties
coming for descriptions of what the
films convey--they listen.

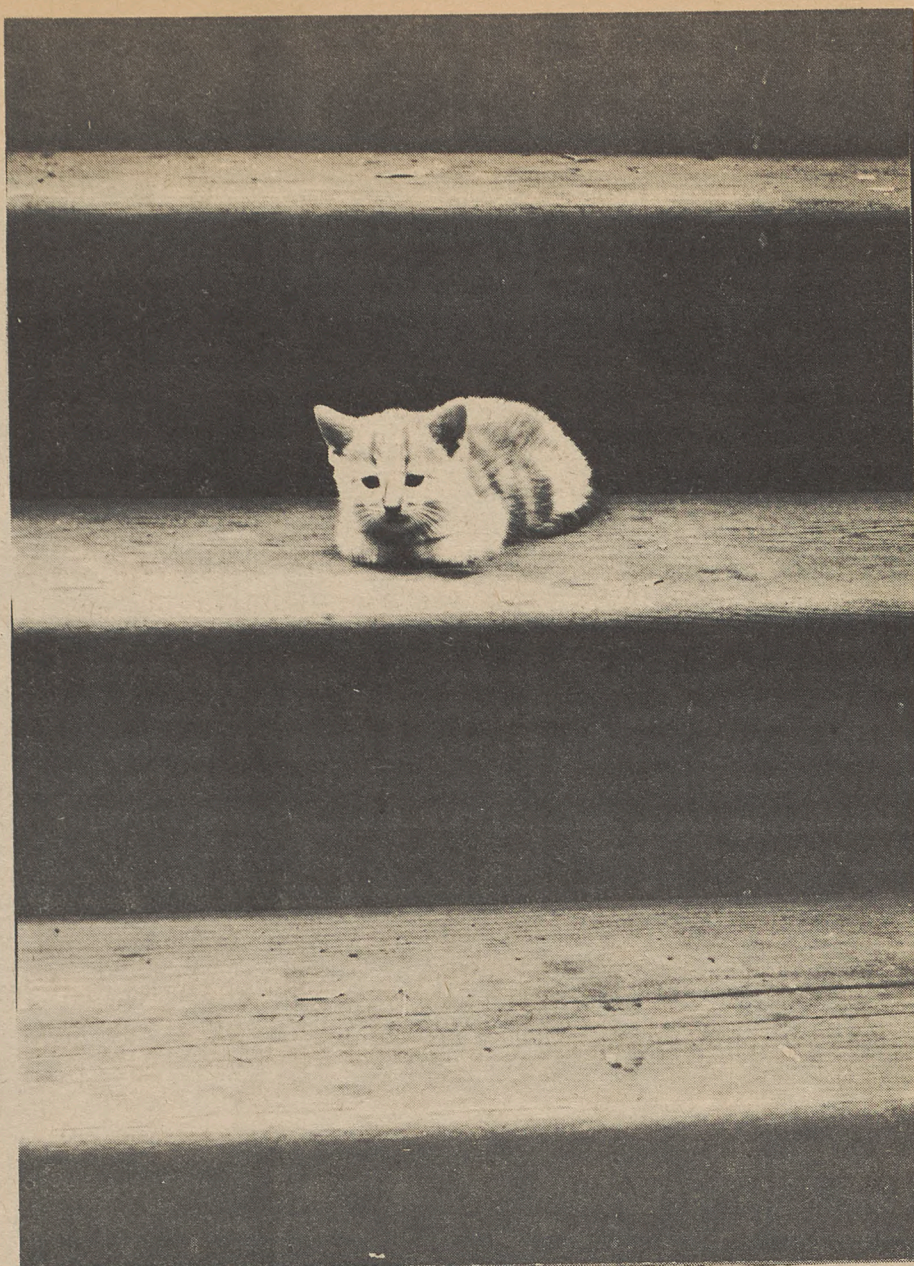
Unruly manes concealing pierced ears,
pulling notebook pencils from fatigue jackets
coming to see.

The visual enthusiasts patiently listened
to the learned: "Brechtian, Neo-Realism,
the Banality of "Alice's"
Respectfully they sat silent while the
film's impact was lost in floods of Latin phrases,
untranslated quotations, posturing and verbage.
Told that "We are going through a crisis of
Language."
They wanted only to see the
Images.

At times
The pedagogy was palatable
yielding citations that the visualist
understands.
Walter Benjamin's Illuminations
Contemporary Reality
Shock Experience
Fragments of Life
Dehumanization
Worn Out Affective Responses
And so find the aura of the things.
"Let us see our images, please."

Granted the scholars feel satisfied
their goal accomplished
Demonstrating the relationships
literature to the cinema
Their choices, legitimized as ART
for they fit the LITERAL METHOD OF ANALYSIS

But remember Kiddies
"It's only a Movie, Enjoy it."
And We will now tell you about
the sunset.



"MARVELOUS!"

Dozens of saints, rascals, nuns, picaroons, inquisitors, heretics, bishops, whores and humble people are either represented or evoked in Luis Buñuel's marvelous film 'The Milky Way', which has the form of a lovely fantasy... a livelier fantasy than 'The Wizard of Oz.' The film goes about its business with a comic, masterly cool that is more remorseless than anything Buñuel has done before. FASCINATING!"

—Vincent Canby, NEW YORK TIMES

"MAGICAL!"

A MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR. Charged with a peculiar magic that dilates space and annihilates time. Its shards and fragments remain in the retina long after the film has flashed by!"

—Stefan Kanfer, TIME MAGAZINE

"¡OLE!"

"Watching a Buñuel film 'is like watching a bullfight in which you are the bull' ¡OLE! Comes off like a Marx Brothers movie with a script by the Marquis De Sade!"

—Brad Darrach, LIFE MAGAZINE



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NOTEWORTHY -- THE BEST OF THE ART BOOKS

Each year hundreds of books on the arts come into publication. Only a few in each field though would be considered of special attention. In brief:

MUSIC

This year Random House published the **MEMOIRS OF HECTOR BERLIOZ**. It is the first time that the papers of this important composer have been made so easily available. The book is well organized and very readable whether one is mad over Berlioz or not.

BEETHOVEN, BIOGRAPHY OF A GENIUS is of importance of another nature. Scores of biographies on Beethoven have been written. This one some new information and presents the composer and his times in a most amusing and human light, while still dealing seriously with a serious man. The author is Marek; the publisher is Funk & Wagnalls.

The rock movement is well-documented in **THE ROCK ENCYCLOPEDIA**. This is the very best reference work organizing the singing, composing and recording aspects of the fifteen years of Rock and Electric.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Complete with difficult to obtain photographs and forgotten facts of importance, **PAINTING, PHOTOGRAPHY, FILM** presents Maholy-Nagy's experimental work done in the early days of the art. For serious film history and analysis one will be pleased with this MIT publication.

GRAPHIC ARTS

194 DRAWINGS BY GIORGIO DE CHIRICO is a selected series of graphics of one of the centuries' best artists. De Chirico's drawings are every bit as good as his famous paintings that founded the Metaphysical School over fifty years ago. Opportunities to appreciate the artists' drawings are few. This is a fine selection by Ezio Gribando with commentary by Luigi Carluccio. Abrams publisher.

PAINTING

William S. Rubin is curator at New York's Museum of Modern Art. His massive study of **DADA AND SURREALIST ART** deals with the complete movement from Duchamp to Matta. It is the best available documentary, by a well-qualified authority, and includes hundreds of plates with excellent narration. Abrams publisher.

VAN GOGH by M. E. Tralbaut is the most comprehensive biography and analysis of the Post-Impressionist master. The author has completely retraced Van Gogh's steps and supplies photographs of the landscapes, people and buildings that were the models. Unprecedented comparisons, and clarification of previously obscure points add to this volume of detailed study. Viking Publishing Co.

BOOK

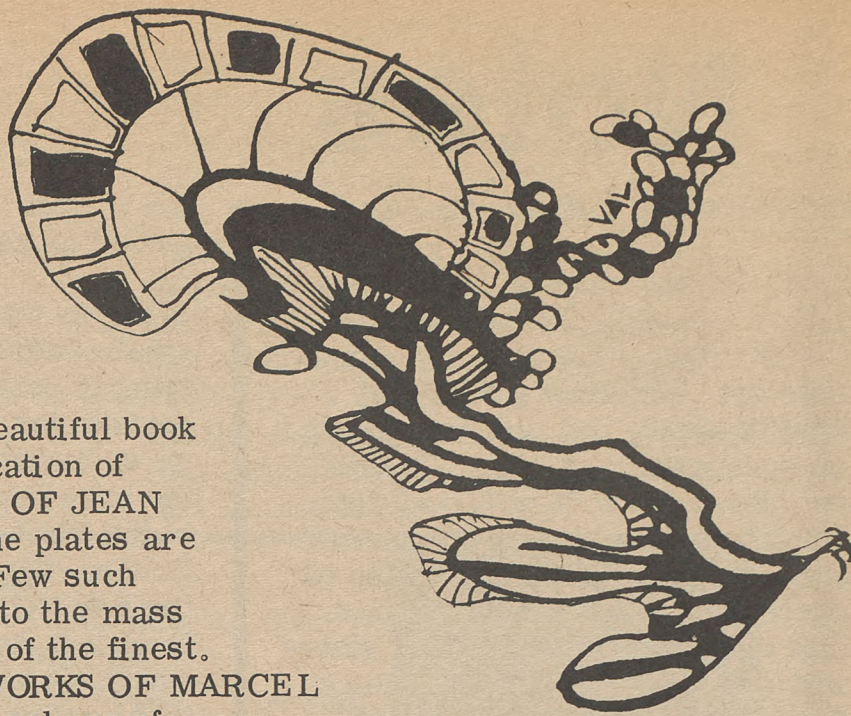
A truly rare and beautiful book is the Brazillier publication of **THE BOOK OF HOURS OF JEAN DUKE DE BERRY**. The plates are of excellent quality. Few such books find their way into the mass market and this is one of the finest.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MARCEL DUCHAMP is the first volume of two by Arturo Schwartz (translated from Italian) covering the entirety of Duchamp's brilliant creations. Over eight hundred fine plates and an extremely well written commentary

and analysis provide a fantastic study of the genius of America's best artist. A better or more important monogram would be hard to find. The companion volume, **NOTES AND PROJECTS FOR THE LARGE GLASS AND RELATED WORKS**, reproduces the studies for the artist's masterpiece, The Large Glass; it also sheds light on the origins and importances of the artist's last work, *Étant Donnés*. The notes provide months of puzzling and enlightening study of an enigmatic mind in search of an oeuvre. Both volumes are published by Abrams.

SCULPTURE

Ionel Jianov's cataloguing of the works of the Roumanian, **CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI**, is one of the few books available on the influential sculptor. The French publication includes fine photographs and references of past exhibitions. The U. S. distributor is Crown. Also available on Brancusi is a Viking publication by Sidney Geist, and a publication from the New York Graphic Society.



VISUAL PERCEPTION

Rudolph Arnheim of Harvard gives a good study of the Gestalt and related outlooks in **VISUAL THINKING**. To date this is the most serious and important work done in this particular field. University of California Press.

MOVEMENTS

Kazimierz Michalowski has compiled an extensive study, with fine reproductions, of **THE ART OF ANCIENT EGYPT**, covering painting, sculpture and architecture. Research by the author includes numerous digs and access to sources in Russia and Poland. An excellent one volume expanse of history with over nine hundred plates. Abrams publisher.

M.I.T. completed translation and publication of **THE BAUHAUS**, the most complete work ever compiled dealing with the important German movement. Every aspect of the school's endeavor is covered--Architecture, Graphics, Photography, Textiles, Sculpture and Painting. The influence and achievements of some of the world's best artists are studied in detail.

Mark Loewinger



Notes

&

STONEHENGE , Richie Havens

Richie Havens has one of the most distinctive voices in the business. It is at times passionate and compassionate, certainly a rare and difficult blend, one that few people can successfully deliver. On this new album, he writes "To all the temples built by man of stone and other transient material, I wish to live to see them all crumble into truth and piles of light." That statement precedes a satisfying choice of new Havens material, spiced with Dylan and the Bee Gees.

Havens' voice, customarily the point of focus and emphasis in any song, shines at its most soulful and gospelly self on the opening cuts, "Open Our Eyes" and "Minstrel". Both songs somehow intertwine message and entertainment (successfully). "It Could Be the First Day" is a beautiful, optimistic song which best showcases Havens' incredibly sensitive voice. Few people really do Dylan well. At least for "Baby Blue", Havens is one of these. Seldom has the intensity of this song been so fully realized. The other non-Havens song, "I Started a Joke" is not as much of a success, but still brings to life the Bee Gee ballad. Other songs, including an instrumental titled "Tiny Little Blues", round out the album. The emphasis of the album is on a song titled "Shouldn't All the World Be Dancing"- a curious jazz-oriented and elongated piece relating to our need for concern, both for ourselves and our fellow humans. But my favorite number is "There's A Hole in the Future", because it contains the best of Havens---spirituality, dynamic vocalizing and sound back-up. Another good album from a great artist.

WELCOME, The Bead Game
Avco Embassy

Maybe when a group does original material, it is not a nice thing to point out their musical derivatives. But if one has to have its derivatives, it's nice to have the ones that prefigure the sound of the Bead Game---Traffic, some Cream, the Who, Iron Butterfly, the Bee Gees, a few more. All this in no way detracts from feeling that what they are producing is an original sound. Bead Game's first album features 8 of their own songs, mostly penned by rhythm guitarist K. Westland Haag.

"Punchin' Judy" and "Natural Song" are basic rock staples, both giving the group a chance to show its unity and its versatility. "Lady" is the Who-influenced number, fitting into the Tommy-conception, because it gives the impression of being between something rather than standing alone. Towards the end, the song flirts with classical overtones. The hint of classicism reappears in "Country Girls", an homage to country style life and music. Here it appears as a lovely harpsichord passage. "Wax Circus" and "Slipping" are both more notable for their breaks, which allow keyboarder R. Gass and lead guitar John Sheldon to display their respective talents. "Mora" is thematically and musically similar to Traffic's "40,000 Headmen", with a subtle hint of space-time beyond our normal perception. The recording quality is excellent, and the album is best appreciated in terms of total conception. For that reason, listen to it several times, because then the personal style of the Bead Game can grow on you.

ROXY , Elektra EKS -74063

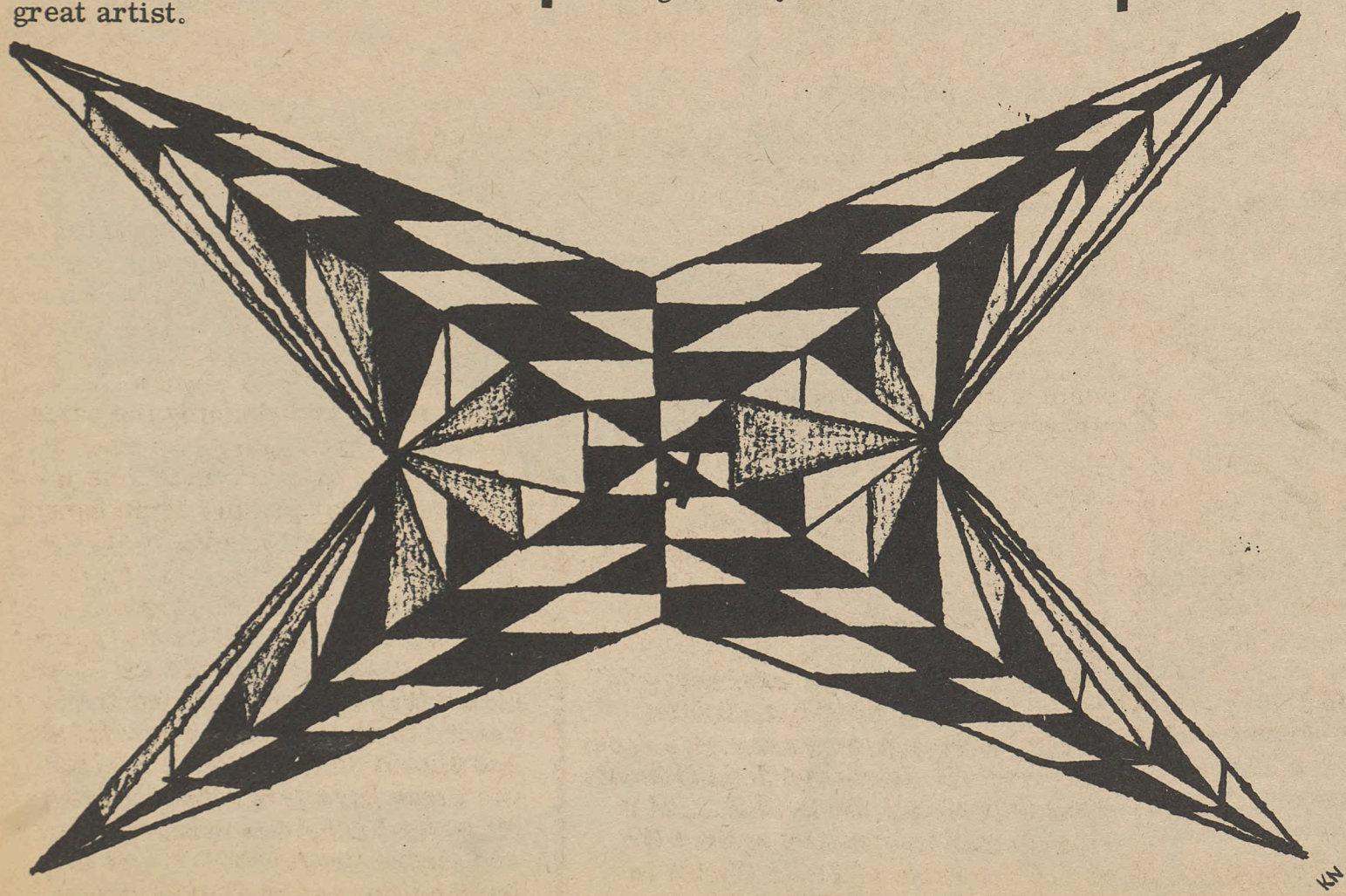
Roxy will soon be synonymous with good music, at least off the over-all impression left by this first album. This quintet features the singing-writing talents of Bob Segarini, ably backed by a standard instrumental group. What makes them better than most is their attention to detail-the vocals are discernable, the instruments don't shatter one's concentration- in short one can easily listen to them. One of the group's fortes is a genuine sense of harmony, and on a song like "Somebody Told You", highlights the vocal precision of the group as the emphasis is on the harmony, with the instruments accenting the verbal images, rather than working in unison. And on songs like "You Got a Lot of Style" and "I Got My Friends", the vocals affect a country undertone, which is further reflected in countryish guitar riffs and patterns. On "Sing a Song", Segarini speeds raps his song in a very amusing fashion, backed by a Shirelle-inspired chorus (made up of the other band members). All the material on the album is fine, but for this listener,

"Yesterday's Song" is the most fully realized number. Its theme of sorrowful longing for the past, before the time of "a melody that's just a memory" is given a soulful rendition, once again enforced by strong harmony. A very promising group and certainly a fine album.

Richard Harrington

Door, Emergency) or in concert. Keep your eyes open. In future issues, besides standard reviews, I'll examine new folk-oriented releases, and the new sounds in jazz.

All the albums I have chosen for review here are special, for they have relevance to our area. They are by artists or groups that are now or will soon be appearing at various clubs around town (Cellar



Counternotes.

THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD

Evolution is as elemental to music as it is to science. So it should come as no surprise that Ian and Sylvia are now a part of the Great Speckled Bird. They are also the dominant force of the group, but now work within a generally electric framework. The groups material is from their hands and reflects the Canadian country background of the duo. Two of the early numbers, "Calgary" and "Flies in the Bottle" are reminiscent of the folk-oriented sounds they popularized for the best of four years. "Trucker's Cafe" is a take-off on the story of love-lost-and-bitter-heartbreak-but-we-must-go-on. The humorous banality of its subject recurs often.

Two other numbers are of particular interest. One, titled "Crazy Arms", I swear is the melody of "Get Back". And "Long Long Time to Get Old" is a dynamite revivalist spiritual whose joy is reflected in the rambunctious rendition it is given. Other songs, such as "This Dream" and "Sunday Wine" exemplify country music's preoccupation with being in love and too often being left out in the cold. The addition of electric instruments to the unique vocals of Ian and Sylvia works quite well. Beside, it takes courage to deviate from the tried, true, and commercial formula, so the pair is doubly rewarded by success and interest-generation. It will be interesting to watch the further development of this group.

the gallery
3102 M at
ART SUPPLIES
FRAMING
FINE ART
mon-fri 10/6
thurs 9
333 3622

The song is part of a new rock opera, "Jesus Christ", which is scheduled for performance sometime soon at St. Paul's Cathedral in London. At first the personnel on the song may seem a little extravagant - a 38 piece symphony orchestra, a rock quintet, 13 choral contributors and the lead singing of Murray Head. And a church organ. But musically, it works --- the melody is catching, vaguely reminding some of the Stones' "You Can't Always Get What You Want."

What is additionally interesting is the reaction the song has elicited so far. Here are some samples from the press kit: Reverend John Owens: "The Superficial Christians... will rise up with indignation against the use of the name of Jesus Christ in such a public way. But... this is

The US market is currently being flooded by a single titled "Superstar". But don't expect to hear it too often over the radio, particularly the bubblegum stations. You see, the lyrics are "controversial". The song is an exploration of the Jesus Christ mystique. In asense this is good, for the previous heights of religiously oriented songs to recieve airplay were "He's Got the Whole World In His Hands" and such. In case you have not heard the song, the lyrics are herewith reprinted:

SUPERSTAR

Every time I look at you I don't understand
Why you let the things you did get so out of hand
You'd have managed better if you'd had it planned
Why'd you choose such a backward time and such a strange land?
If you'd come today you would have reached a whole nation
Israel 4BC has no mass communication
Don't you get mew wrong
I only want to know
Jesus Christ Jesus Christ
Who are you? What have you sacrificed?
Jesus Christ Superstar
Do You think you're what they say you are?

Tell me what you think about your friends at the top
Who d'you think besides yourself's the pick of the crop?
Buddah was he where its at, was he where you are?
Could Mahomet move a mountain or was that just PR?
Did you mean to die like that?
Was that a mistake or
Did you know you're messy death would be a record-breaker
Don't you get me wrong
I only want to know
Jesus Christ Jesus Christ
Who are you? What have you sacrificed?
Jesus Christ Superstar
Do you think you're what they say you are?
(Copyright © 1969 Leeds Music Ltd., London)
(Andrew Lloyd Weber-Tim Rice, authors)

nothing new. Those same superficial Christians did the exact same thing on a memorable Friday many years ago. (the authors)... have done Christianity a favor. They will have many

kids rocking and chanting the name of someone who never objected or rejected the "young" that came into his midst. Too bad the same cannot be said of some Christian parents and adults today. And FUSION had this to say: "What a bitch of a record! Superstar will do for religion what Joe Namath did for football." Well, maybe not, but the record is an interesting experiment, and should be listened to. I think the times have progressed a little bit beyond religious censorship, and maybe the Aquarian Age will truly be the Age of Enlightenment.

THE GREAT QUESTIONNAIRE



- 1-Is involvement passive or active?
- 2-Where is the line drawn between fantasy and reality?
- 3-What are the four elements of the world?
- 4-Is it dangerous or destructive to love too much? What of ourselves must we hold in reserve?
- 5-What is the Yin Yang?
- 6-Is it entirely true that good begets good and evil begets evil?
- 7-Give an example of a defense mechanism?
- 8-Give an example of a thought pattern?
- 9-Does time travel in a straight line?
- 10-List the emotions (as many as possible).
- 11-How would you define magic? What things have you experienced that you would consider magical?
- 12-Is there an end to anything? If so, what?
- 13-What is the inconsistency of our technology?
- 14-Do rules and laws have any effect on spirituality? How so?
- 15-Has love been affected by our societies exploitation of sex? How so?
- 16-What will evolve?
- 17-Word associations:
a) insanity b) success c) obscene
d) void e) supernatural f) evolve
g) relativity h) child i) escape j) id
k) frantic l) energy m) demension
n) image o) science
- 18-Name 1) a fairytale - 2) a comedian -
3) an object - 4) a texture - 5) a substance -
6) a color - 7) a season - 8) a reason -
9) a famous occassion - 10) a super-hero
11) and a beautiful friend.

Answer this between friends. Make
a) a song or b) a poem or c) a plan
or d) _____ from
your conclusions

landlady

breasts hanging waistwise
under a faded orange shirt
(cor-du-roi)
smiles rougely
and a french twist
tells us she was
in the service three years
and worked at the french
embassy six months
(in 1948)
and she and her rouge
think young ladies like us
ought to have a few years
before settling down
to see france and other
journeys.
She collects newspapers and
costumes and cracks in
her teeth but she
was in the service three years
and worked at the french embassy
six months.
The apartment she shows
us was fashionable then
and so was the french
embassy.

She never was.

POETRY by judith spitzer

compromise

An hour ago,
breathing expectation
I waited
for the actual you.
Now I would be happy
If you would
Merely think my name.

To Mr. Hughes, Regarding Dreams

A sun-dried grape, indeed! How,
Hidden in a heart crusted over
With waiting, is a dream to find
A ray of sun to dry in?
To "fester and run" it must die
First and a dream never dies:
You said yourself: deferred

A dream is a gentle, winged thing,
A bird-in-the-heart
Worth two in the bush
And when do birds explode,
And where sage: but only peck,
Langston, until the heart dies
And the man festers, and the dream
flies free.

P
Q
E
M

S
O
N
G

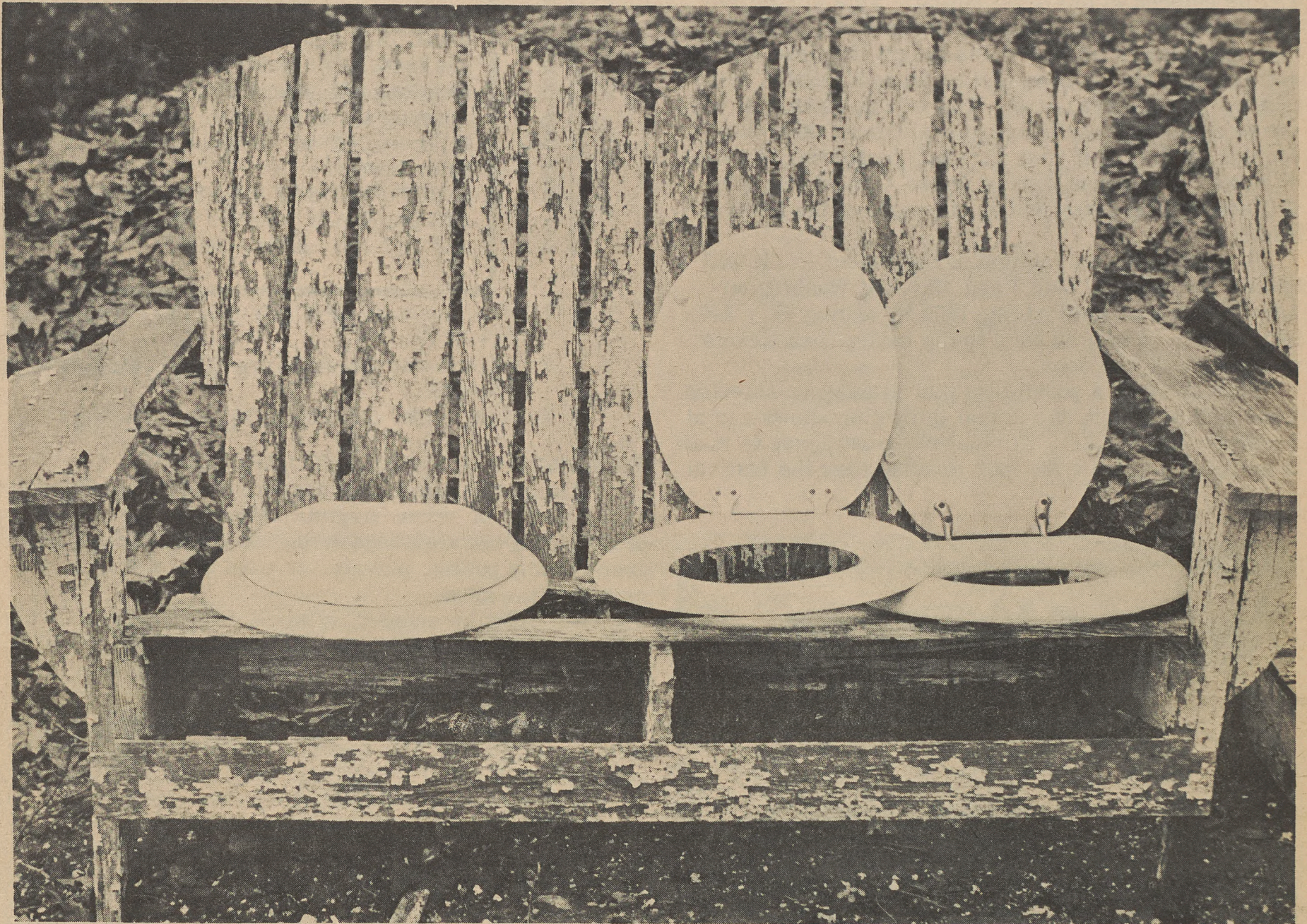
Quiet now,
the dimly felt
cold of winter
etches another
year
on my face
(I felt it,
gentle as it was)
caring not.

Dark, dark sea
unillumined in my mind's eye
sea of stars,
how quickly they fade
billions and billions
of holes in the sky
I tried to enter;
they disappeared.

Trying to sleep
I gave up
and opened my eyes
I fear the flutter
of the branches;
my window's image
reflected on the wall.

Why have all words
grown so infinitely stale
and failed to fool me?

J. Gibbs



quiet strong hands pat my face.
the rain and heater play a tune
the dark of night tears me deep.

all the ghosts of daylight blotted
out with careful practice
haunt me like so many light flashes

I still the ache
with logic.

two hostile forces grinding your shadow
of disintegrating personality
to a sudden jolt.

a swift still perception - your mind is wrinkled
(are you tired?)

an unknown bag of inconsistency has
broken within you.

how trying to search for the mind
behind the image.

J. Gibbs

FILM MAKERS --- HERE IS INFORMATION on the Second Annual Metropolitan Area High School Film Festival.

This film festival is the only one in the metropolitan area for competing high school filmmakers. This year's showcase program is the outgrowth of the widely acclaimed festival of last year. Some winners of the 1969 competition have shown their works on television, have sold their films to educational distributors, and have been offered jobs in film production. It is expected that exposure in this year's festival and in subsequent press coverage will again bring such attention to young filmmakers.

The emphasis of the selection and judging of films will be on film as an art form. For example, a technically perfect but cliché-filled film will receive less points than an amateur splicing job on a risk-taking, visually exciting film. Not all films submitted will be shown. A screening committee will determine which will be entered in the film festival. This committee will consist of student filmmakers in Elos, many of them enrolled in Advanced Placement English. Films not selected for showing will be given a written critique by this student board. You will be notified if you are to come for your film and evaluation; otherwise, you can assume that your film will be shown. A panel of judges, prominent figures in the area of fine arts, will select award winners on one night of the festival itself.

A word about the festival arrangement --- it will be held two nights, May 7 and May 8 at Washington-Lee High School auditorium, 1300 N. Quincy St., Arlington, Va. It will be open to the public, and tickets will be sold at the door.

Since there is a possibility that winning or selected films will be shown on several television shows and at a commercial theatre, filmmakers must agree to make their films available for four months after the festival.

The Film Festival Rules and Procedure should contain all the information that you need, but if you have any questions, you may contact the following people:

A new group in Washington wants to know how to design an inter-cultural school and is looking for high school and college students to help design a new high school curriculum. A new intercultural high school is being developed where learning will focus on human problems, not those defined by nations or narrow academic disciplines.

Learning will be project oriented in formal classes and informal learning situations depending on the needs of the students. Both students and teaching staff will be inter-cultural. High school and college students are invited to form curriculum development groups which will be meeting at our new offices at 1707 N Street, NW on evenings and Saturdays.

DON'T JUST SAY WHAT'S WRONG, HELP DESIGN WHAT'S RIGHT!
call 387-1181 or 265-3030

1. Mrs. Leonard (at Wash-Lee HS), 8:00AM-3:30PM, 527-7600.
2. Advertising Co-ordinator (Bob), 6:30PM-9:30PM, 528-6310.
3. Dick Plush, 6:15PM-10:30PM, 534-1914.

FILM FESTIVAL RULES AND PROCEDURE

1. A filmmaker submitting films to the Film Festival must be a resident of either Virginia, Maryland, or the District of Columbia and a student in the 9th, 10th, 11th, or 12th grade of any public, private, or parochial school in the metropolitan area.
2. Films may be entered by single individuals or by student project groups; all persons involved in the making of the film are subject to the qualifications in Rule 1.
3. Persons engaged in professional cinematography or still photography, currently or in the past, will not be eligible to enter this film festival competition. Of course professionals are free to advise and criticize films entered in competition, but at no time may they engage in the filming, directing, or editing of the movies.
4. Any group or individual may enter as many films as he wishes (see instructions re: proper labelling for separate reels).
5. There is no time limit on film (maximum/minimum).
6. You must indicate on the leader your name and title of film. Also place your name and the title on each film can and each tape box submitted. We will need a three foot leader at the end of the reel.
7. Complete instructions for use of any tapes must accompany the tape can --- speed, track specifications, and starting points.
8. Make certain that all splices are strong. Films which break during first showing may or may not be repaired by Elos. Elos assumes no responsibility for repair work needed on badly spliced film; entry will be disqualified if not in running condition. Elos cannot be responsible for damage done to films because of poor splicings that jam a projector. An accidental break during the festival itself will not disqualify the film and it will be repaired immediately by Elos.
9. The deadline for entries is 4:00 PM, Thursday, April 9, 1970, by which time all films must be turned in to the main office of Washington-Lee High School, Arlington, Va. It is requested that films be brought to the school rather than mailed. If a film is mailed, it must be sent by registered mail (Elos can take no responsibility for a film not signed in.)
10. Films may be picked up at Washington-Lee's main office during school hours (7:45 AM to 3:30 PM) of the week following the festival (week of May 11). No films will be returned by mail.

rock magic concert



SUNDAY APRIL 5 - 8 pm
LISNER AUD GWU
THE MAGIC CIRCLE
& Crank

tickets \$3 & \$2

EMPIRE (G.TOWN, BETH.)
EMERGENCY
GWU STUDENT ACTIVITIES CENTER

LEATHER & DENIM ROCK N ROLL
BEHIND HER EYES
LONG STRIDES FOR A QUICK
FUCK

LEADS THE BATTLE ON THE
AVENUE WHITE & RED & HIP
SHE SLEEPS IN HER OWN SWEAT
& NOBODY'S TEARS

Lay me down beside you
in the blue poison fog
choking.

Let us clutch for each other.
maybe in your
flesh
is enough air
to keep us believing

O how sad
when you see yourself
squirming beneath stones
O how sad
the grey month seems,
drooping at the corners,
crying in the morning
And O how fine
is your confusion
an arrow shot astray
lost for another hunter,
another day

He walked with Himself
 & did not tell you to leave
 flowers on the grave
 & did not tell you to leave
 flowers in the road
 & He did not tell you
 what to do later
 O just for now

Stones do not change
He walked amongst the changes
But you did not forget to follow Him.
You built Follow
out of stones so that none
could forget, & stone trapped
you built statues of yourself.

Craig Watson



VISCONTI (con't)

secure the firm for the Reich. Griem's excellent portrayal is a key feature of the film---Aschenbach's fanatic belief in the destiny of Nazi Germany is echoed in his glib lines, ringing with quotes from Hegel and Hitler.

Though the cast is almost entirely composed of non-professionals and newcomers, the effective juxtaposition of talent between such fine actors as Bogarde and Griem make the rough edges hardly noticeable.

Aschenbach, the agent provocateur, soft-sells the mad logic of the Nazi future to one family member after another in his calculated drive to secure the firm in the Party's hands. When, rarely, the slick rubric of his persuasion fails, he uses all the pressures available (including select modes of death, from simple murder to massacre) to secure each rung of the ladder leading to full control of the steelworks.

Aschenbach's compelling monologues intrigue the viewer with the self-assured logic of the totalitarian state. He cautiously grooms Friederich for murder with sparkling, specious rationale: "Friederich, in Germany, personal morals are dead. We are an elite society, where everything is permissible. These are Hitler's words---you should give them some thought...." In another instance, he lectures Sophie as he shows her through a Gestapo nerve-center containing a vast library of secret files and dossiers. He gestures with pride at shelves heaped with private data on all citizens, commenting to her with gloating precision on the wealth of detail of her own file; then he asks, "Don't you think that this is the true miracle of the Third Reich?"

Aschenbach's confidence and self-security, his glib digressions on the Hegelian methodology complement his facility as the advocatus diaboli in goading and nudging one Essenbeck after another into forsaking "personal morals" for a chance at grappling with sullied reins of dynastic power.

The pace of the Essenbeck narrative winds and turns at times for quick views of the impending holocaust, the completion of the Nazi rise to power; one dreary and besmirched world is exchanged for another---the microcosm breaks open to reveal the larger world, certain scenes seeming less real than the horror fantasy of the closed life of the Essenbecks.

One incredible episode is a ghastly view of the S.S. executed massacre of the S.A. (Constantin's organization) at Bad Weisse, a Bavarian resort-town, in the summer of 1935. The young, blonde S.A. troops are pictured in the course of a day frolicking, sporting, drinking and eventually, when the comrades are burned down in the

ing to maudlin rituals

of dejection with strong undertones of ill-placed homosexuality, alienation and boozy despair. With the coming of the dawn, hundreds of S.S. soldiers, armed to the teeth, dressed in their new black uniforms, move in and quickly dispose of the S.A. men. The scene is absolutely graphic and horrifying in its terror.

Through a constant interplay of the Scylla of abject, open brutality and the Charybdis of power, the Reich's future is foretold. New Germany appears in the full morning light, not under the twilight cover. Visconti chronicles a full, satanic night of the gods, far beyond the Götterdämmerung.

Technically, the film is noteworthy: Visconti's direction is straightforward and devoid of gimmicks (though one wishes he were not nearly so heavy-handed with the almost constant panning in most sequences.) His control of color is precise, though not as creative as Fellini or Antonioni. The soundtrack, by Maurice Jarre, is highly complimentary to the body of the story, which was written by Visconti in collaboration with Nicola Badalucco. The one astonishing technical aspect of the film (produced at Cinecitta-Rome) is the amazing synchronization of dubbing, used extensively in the film. The expert work is virtually undetectable, and enables the viewer to follow the body of the film directly without the constant shifting of the eyes that is required of subtitled films (like "Z", where the subtitling severely inhibited the ability of the viewer to keep up with the film.)

Wilson Clark

BANDWAGON (con't)

Former members of the DCYSO have continued their musical careers at various colleges, specialized institutions devoted to music, the military bands, and as members of professional symphony orchestras.

The Friends of the Youth Symphony Orchestra say it's their primary function to help gifted kids realize their musical potential. Such a project requires working with from 700 to 1,000 school children each year in grades 4 through 12, helping them develop their talent by hours and hours of practice and rehearsals.

A trip to Switzerland is an extra treat - after years of training and dedication for a select group of these musicians.

People, groups, and organizations who want to help can send their contributions to Friends of the D.C. Youth Orchestra Program, P.O. Box 4898, Washington, D.C. 20008. It'll be money wisely invested, and it's tax deductible.

After a few more bits and pieces of humor between the two, Fredrick Rolfe is left alone to brood and to contemplate from despair to inspiration the death of the Pope. Angry, agrieved and fearing he withdraws into himself to create HADRIAN VII, a character of a novel to---a play within a play, and fantasy from mind to fiction and back into an extrapolated reality.

From the opening scene, HADRIAN VII continues to make transitions from scene to scene without fault. What creates the symphony of believable actions on stage, making the "fantasy" of entering a man's mind hold truth to reality, is the superior acting. A leading cast of twelve have effectively each developed characters who move gracefully within their roles. Individual distinct walks, voices, gestures bring a unity of men and women listening, acting, responding and reacting to each other in harmony.

A fault in most of us is that we so often concentrate our energies on the leading characters. I would like to note here for an extra round of applause those who are cast in the the minor roles who in repertory played the Papal Guards, Swiss Guards, Acolytes and Seminarists. Some of the best acting need not be verbal--action itself is enough. In other silent roles, Tyrus Cheney, J. Leo Gagnon, Edmund Glover, Reginald Rowland Jr., and Peter Sturgess as the Cardinals, have characterizations which brought life and the living on stage.

In every play there is an antagonist--well, in almost every play--that audiences if they could, would get rid of immediately once they have noticed the foolery of the actor. But, in HADRIAN VII, antagonist Jeremiah Sant, F.R.S., performs his brawny evils with brisk enjoyment. Actor Donald Ewer tantalizes the audience with Irish-humor and strength. You may not like his revenge, but you are sure to remember his bombilation of upbeat and downbeats that provide percussion, which serves to thicken the plot.

E. Raye Hawkins

ANTONIONI (con't)

The horizons-wide scope of Antonioni's idea for the film rarely come through. The film is stale with an air undisturbed by currents of action, of genuine movement or direction. It lamely tries but never gets off the ground. A good deal of the stagnation can be blamed on the essential lack of coherent and meaningful discussion in the few scenes where any one-to-one dialogue is called for; most, however, is due to uninspired attempts at hitting the other side---the establishment.

One rapidly tires of watching miles of commercial billboards flash by. Such cinematic attempts to illustrate and debunk the existing cultural values are devoid of subtlety. Antonioni travels the Mobius

CALEN- DAR

23

March 18, Wednesday

The Chung Sisters, Kyung Wha, violin, Myung Wha, Cello, with the Washington National Symphony and the Bucknell Chorale, Constitution Hall, 8:30 pm.

March 19, Thursday

Singing Hoosiers of Indiana Univ., GWU Center, 8:00 pm.

Maryland Univ. Theater, Fine Arts Theater, U. of Md., I Pagliacci, 8:15 pm.

Valerie de Casas Farag, soprano, Sister Rita Estelle, piano, Moreau Auditorium, Dumbarton College, 8:15 pm.

Washington National Symphony, Lerner Auditorium, 2:00 pm.

March 20, Friday

Maryland Univ. Theater, I Pagliacci, 8:15 pm.

Toulouse Chamber Orchestra, Louis Auriacombe, conductor, Library of Congress, 8:30 pm.

Air Force Woodwind Quintet, Museum of History and Technology, Constitution Ave., 8:30 pm.

Church Street Dance Company, 1742 Church St., NW, 8:30 pm.

Navy Band, Cmdr. Donald Stauffer, conductor, Departmental Auditorium, Constitution Ave. between 12th & 14th, 9:30 pm.

March 21, Saturday

Maryland Univ. Theater, I Pagliacci, 8:15 pm.

American Society of University Composers Concert, Newton Theater, Catholic Univ., 8:30 pm.

Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, Geoffrey Parson, piano, Constitution Hall, 8:30 pm.

Church Street Dance Company, 1742 Church St., NW, 8:30 pm.

March 22, Sunday

Maryland Univ. Theater, I Pagliacci, 8:15 pm.

Church Street Dance Company, 1742 Church St., NW, 3:00 pm.

March 24, Tuesday

Washington National Symphony, Howard Mitchell, conductor, Parsifal, Constitution Hall, 8:30 pm.

March 25, Wednesday

Washington National Symphony, Parsifal, Constitution Hall, 8:30 pm.

March 27, Friday

Church Street Dance Company, 1742 Church St., NW, 8:30 pm.

March 28, Saturday

Andres Segovia, Constitution Hall, 8:30 pm.

Church Street Dance Company, 1742 Church St., NW, 8:30 pm.

STAGE

American University Theater, "Owner of the Keys," Mar. 18-21, 244-6333.

Arena Stage, "The Chemmy Circle," thru Apr. 5, 638-6700.

Catholic University Theater, "The Bacchae," thru Mar. 21, 529-6000, ext. 358.

Ford's Theater, "The Fantasticks," thru Apr. 26, 347-6260.

Mr. Henry's Georgetown, "Etcetera V," 337-4334.

National Theater, "Hadrian VII," thru Mar. 21; "Canterbury Tales," Mar. 23-Apr. 5, 628-3393.

Shady Grove Music Fair, "The Front Page," Mar. 17-Apr. 5, 948-3400.

Museum of History and Technology, Third Floor, 13th St. & Constitution Ave., NW, "Hansel and Gretel," a puppet show, 381-5241.

Theater Lobby, "No Exit" and "Cowboys No. 2," thru Mar. 21, 393-5818.

Washington Theater Club at L St., "Adventures in the Skin Trade," thru Mar. 25, 265-4700.

Washington Theater Club at O St., "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as seen through the Eyes of Cole Porter," thru Mar. 31, 265-4700.

Washington Coliseum, "The CIRCUS" thru Apr. 5, 783-2300.

DINNER THEATERS

Burn Brae East, "The Music Man," thru Apr. 11, 384-5800.

Burn Brae West, "Guys and Dolls," thru Apr. 19, 384-5800.

Candlelight Cabaret, "You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running," thru Apr. 26, 588-6226.

Garland, "Agatha Sue, I Love You," thru Apr. 12, (301) 730-8311.

Marlborough, "Barefoot in the Park," thru Mar. 21, 627-5750.

If you have an event you wish to list on the Calender, send information to 5123 Mc Arthur Boulevard, NW

March 29, Sunday

Church Street Dance Company, 1742 Church St., NW, 3:00 pm.

March 30, Monday

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Constitution Hall, 8:30 pm.

March 31, Tuesday

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Constitution Hall, 8:30 pm.

NIGHT LIFE

Cellar Door, 34th and M Sts., NW, Tom Paxton, thru Mar. 21; Les McCann, Mar. 23 to Mar. 29.

Emergency, Inc., 2813 M St., NW, Bead Game and Fat City, thru Mar. 21.

Shoreham Blue Room, Conn Ave & Calvert Sts., NW, Barbara McNair, thru Mar. 21; Peggy Lee, Mar. 27 thru Apr. 4.

strip, ending on the same side of the road he is criticizing. By pointlessly tiring the viewer with scores of examples of decaying capitalistic artifacts, Antonioni never goes further than vague periphery of the social malaise. Persistent gawking at the rotting superstructure does little more than survey the problem--it makes no comment on it.

Wilson Clark

MUSEUMS

Corcoran Gallery of Art, 17th St. and New York Ave., NW, "The Architectural Vision of Paolo Soleri," thru Apr. 5.

Freer Gallery of Art, 12th St. and Jefferson Drive, SW, Whistler's landscapes and marine paintings.

Gallery of African Art, 1621 21st St., NW, Art from south of the Sahara, thru April.

Museum of History and Technology, 12th St. & Constitution Ave, NW, "Laser 70," Atomic Art by Alice Simon, "The Camera and the Human Facade"---photos by S.C. Wilson.

National Geographic Society, 17th & M St., NW, Art, architecture, and sculpture of Ceylon.

Pan American Union, 17th St. & Constitution Ave, NW, paintings by Olga Donde; sculpture by Ortiz Monasterio, thru Mar. 23.

All Souls Church, 16th & Harvard St., NW, West African character studies by Helene Urszenyi-Bresnay, thru Mar. 31.

Arts Club, 2017 I St., NW, annual photo show by Washington photographers, thru Apr. 3.

Jewish Community Center, 6125 Montrose Rd., Rockville, paintings, graphics and sculpture by Israeli artists, thru Apr. 5.

march 16-21 BEAD GAME & fat city

sunday march 22 BENEFIT for SMC 10 hours of rock

MARCH 23-28 CRANK

MARCH 30-APRIL 4

roxy & HOWDY DOODY
emergency

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